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WHOLE NO. 1903

Tragedy

Shinnston in Which One Man was Killed.

Wednesday afternoon one of the burrs of the Shinnston Flouring Mills burst while revolving at a rapid rate, and the fragments flew in all directions. One of the heavy blocks, weighing about sixty pounds, struck Elihu Petrick, throwing him out of the door into the street, and causing injuries from which he died within an hour and a half, though retaining consciousness to the last. Francis Horner, proprietor of the mill had one rib broken, and was injured internally, seriously, but not dangerously. Dr. Payne, of Cumberlandport, hastened to Clarksburg and summoned Drs. Ramsey, Goff and Howell to attend the wounded men. It was all to no purpose so far as Petrick was concerned. They were unable to get either his wife or his brother, Circuit Clerk Tetrick, to his side before he expired.

The unhappy victim of this deplorable accident had come to Shinnston and was sitting on a stack of chests near the door when the explosion occurred. A burr or millstone, the reader will understand, is made up of a number of sections joined together and cemented and surrounded by an iron band. It is not an unusual thing for them to burst while rapidly revolving, though such occurrences seldom result in serious injury to life and limb. The instance above recited is a notable and sad exception to the rule.

Tetrick was a farmer of moderate means, a married man and the father of one child. He lived near Enterprise, and was highly esteemed citizen of that neighborhood. Those who knew him best say he was a man of sound judgment and fine business qualifications. The whole affair is a great shock to the county, and is greatly to be deplored.

John Hook, an old hunter of Sapon Bridge, Hampshire county, while hunting for squirrels Saturday could not withstand the temptation to shoot a deer which crossed his path. It was a fine animal, weighing 204 pounds, and he had to employ a horse and wagon to get it home. He then returned on himself before Justice F. C. Hott and paid \$20 fine for violating the game law, which says that no deer shall be killed until October 15, 1901. Hook's friends claim that half the fine would have been returned to him, as the law stipulates that half of the fine goes to the informer.

Messrs. J. B. Ford and Charles first indulged in a wrestling match at Dawson's restaurant Saturday night, which resulted in a broken leg for Hurst. Drs. Smith and Peck set the leg, which was broken just above the ankle, and Hurst it is thought will be considerably crippled.

Many have said their children would have died of croup, if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given," writes Kellogg & Curren, druggists, Seaview, N. J. "People come from far and near to get it and speak of it in the highest terms." This is really true of this remedy in every community where it is known. Buy a bottle at Cunningham Bros. & Co. drug store and use it for yourself. 48-1m.

Within three miles of Marietta, Monday afternoon, in broad daylight, a well known preacher was shot down from ambush by an unknown enemy.

A Kentucky editor has called on the sheriff for troops to assist in getting out his paper.

YANKEE HOBO.

One of the strangest tales outside the fruitful realm of fiction comes from far-away Yankeedom.

Farmers along the line of the abandoned Meriden, Waterbury and Connecticut River railroad have been victimized by a tramp under peculiar circumstances. He stopped at nearly every house along the road and told this story: "My employer, Judge Robertson, sent me from his New Haven office to close up the affairs of the road. As the land through which the road runs reverts to the persons who owned it prior to the tracks being laid, Judge Robertson is disposing of all the passenger stations, pumping stations, tanks, railroad ties, etc.

"The Judge is anxious to sell off these encumbrances as soon as possible, so that the land can be tilled once more in all its verdant freshness."

The man "sold" over \$1,000 worth of property to Herr Mischler for \$2 on account, and railroad ties thrown in. At West Cheshire he offered to sell the depot for \$100, dropped to \$5 and accepted \$3 from a confiding victim. In each case the tramp signed receipts for the money.

An article by Mark Twain written in the style of "The Innocents Abroad" and illustrated by A. B. Frost and Peter Newell, is a promise that magazine readers do not have held out to them every day. It is in the November number of *McClure's Magazine* that this rare feast of humor is to be served. One might expect much more than ordinary entertainment from any one of the three items of pictures by Frost, pictures by Newell, and an "Innocents Abroad" article by Mark Twain; but the editors of *McClure's* in their profusion, engage to serve all three at once. Watch for November number of *McClure's*.

A son of a dignified Hartford man, although not old in years, has a good bit of age in his brains. The family observe the custom of silent blessing at the table, and at dinner recently the six-year-old spoke up: "Why don't you say it aloud, pa?" "You can say it aloud if you choose, my son," replied the father, and, bowing his head solemnly the little fellow originated this unique grace: "God have mercy on these victuals."—Hudson River.

At last the West Virginia wild man had made his annual appearance says an exchange. A good many people had about despaired of his coming this year, since it was postponed so long, but acting on the old saw, "better late than ever," at last he has come. This time he shows up in Mason county, having gotten out of wilder parts of the State. He slaughters rabbits and squirrels this season and is supposed to have started the forest fires. The wild man is a resourceful fellow and nearly always springs something new on the unsuspecting public.

Of Course She Would.

Attorney General Edgar P. Rucker has a little daughter just six years old. A few weeks ago while at dinner, she persisted in having an extra amount of chicken. Her father tried to persuade her that she had already had as much as was good for her, and finally said to her: "If you eat so much you will turn into a chicken some day. How would you like to be seen flying up on the fence and cawing?" "I thank you, sir," the little maid replied, "I would be a hen."—McDowell Recorder.

Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Orites, of Peel Tree, are visiting friends in the city.

Killed

At The B. & O. Depot. A Deploable Affair.

On Wednesday afternoon about 2 o'clock Charles Haymaker, a well-known young man about town, was killed by the cars at the old B. & O. depot. The young man had been spending the day in the company with Charles Morrow, a carpenter, who resides near the corner of Main street and Monticello avenue, and who has been at work for some time on the new freight depot. It seems that Haymaker tried to persuade Morrow to go to Grafton with him, and asked agent Towles to furnish him a couple of tickets to that place. The latter stamped the two tickets and laid them down in the window, but seeing that the money for the same was not forthcoming, laid them aside. Soon afterward, it appears, Haymaker started for the railroad track, after the east bound express had passed. A yard engine attached to some cars was stationed on the track next to the platform. A woman whose name is not known observed Haymaker crawl in between the cars, and saw his head, resting on one of the rails, with his body prone across the track. To her it appeared that his action was taken with suicidal intent. It is impossible to say whether or not this is true. Presently the cars began to move, and it is said by some that the unfortunate man undertook to crawl backward. A brakeman made an effort to pull him out, but it was no use, and the wheels passed over the prostrate man, nearly severing the head from the body. The remains were borne by strong and tender hands to the men's waiting room, whence they were afterward removed and prepared for burial.

The deceased was a son of Mr. John Haymaker, and was for several years a member of the West Virginia National Guard. He was a whole-hearted fellow, and would go to the last extreme to help a friend. He was one of the most faithful and efficient members of the fire department, of Clarksburg, and would go to any length in the risk of life and limb to save the property or life of those in peril.

Mrs. Lewis C. Lawson and family are the guests of Mrs. Lawson's father at Tyrconnell this week.

Stewart Brothers announce shipments of cattle this year amounting to 120 car loads, valued at \$140,000.

Washburn's minstrel with 40 people and two brass bands will give an entertainment at Traders Opera House Monday night.

The many friends of our former esteemed townsman Mr. F. G. Shaw will be pleased to hear from him again. He has removed with his family, to Reece, Kansas, and gone into the mercantile business. We learn that he has splendid prospects and we are glad to extend best wishes.

The Carpet Department at R. T. Lowndes is the most complete in the city. Fine ingrams from 25 cents up. A complete assortment of Rag carpets cheaper than any place in the city. We have also just added a full line of Brussels carpets and Smyrna rugs to this department, which will be sold cheap.

The many friends of Rufus Haymond, Esq., of Cherry Camp, will regret to learn that he has been adjudged insane and committed to the hospital at Weston for treatment. Mr. Haymond's trouble, however, seems to be a sort of religious melancholia,

which in no way affects his mind on business matters. It is probably no more than a temporary trouble that will subside as soon as he gets proper medical attention.

It has lately been raining at a lively rate in different parts of the country and it may be that our turn will come ere long. There was a good rain at Martinsburg the other day and all along the eastern coast the storms have been most violent and the rainfall abundant. Our western neighbors are also in the weather business extensively. Colorado is having some tremendous snow storms and in other parts of the far west snow has come in abundance.

Strangers passing along the Milford road have, of late, watched with considerable curiosity the antics of a large black bear that Lee Cork is keeping on his premises near town. The animal was purchased by John Gandy, of this city, from some parties in the neighborhood of Station, and he is having him fattened for the Christmas market. Mr. Gandy thinks bruin will weigh about four hundred by the time he is to be butchered and several of our citizens are swacking their lips in anticipation of having a piece of "bear meat" during holidays.

Sam Jones on Age.

On October 16, 1897, Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist, was 50 years old. "I tell you it is no small thing to be 50 years old," he said. "The world is not much interested in babyhood, though the child is father to the man; and then the world is not much interested in young manhood, though character reaches from the cradle to the coffin. I was born of religious parents, taught in the ways of virtue and manhood, and escaped the evil that cursed so many human lives up to the beginning of the war between the States. My father joined the ranks of the Southern Confederacy. I joined the ranks of the devil. How I pity a boy at the tender age of 14 years in times like these.

"I believe the war wrecked more young men than it killed old men. From that period of age between 14 and 21 I learned the lesson that the way of the transgressor is hard. But, marvelous fact in a human life, I have been from the age of 24 to the age of 50 as honest and faithful a champion for manhood, truth and virtue, integrity, honor and right as I missed the mark along that line in former years. It was not only revolution in my life, but regeneration in my soul that transformed me from the practice of wrong to the championship of right."

A Georgia man who was about to be put on a jury in a murder trial was asked by one of the lawyers:

"Would you hang a man on circumstantial evidence?"

The would-be juror looked very thoughtful for a moment, and replied:

"Well, sir, I hax hung a many one of 'em on a good deal less."

Do not forget that *McClure's Magazine* comes out for November with Mark Twain's humorous story, also the first chapter of the *Dana Reminiscences* of men and events of the Civil War.

Contractor Lynch will probably open up his stone quarries on the Clifford property, on the Weston road, and have dressed stone hauled from that point to the site of the new depot bridge.

Robert T. Reed was at Philippi on business this week.

Don't miss the minstrel Monday night.

Free To Farmers.

The recent publications of the Experiment Station have been of more than usual interest, and they are attracting the notice of the practical orchardists and farmers, not only in this State, but also in other States having large fruit interests.

In bulletin on apples No. 47. Such vital points in apple culture are treated as the best soil, proper distance to plant trees, spraying, tree pruning, and the varieties best suited to our State. Some interesting figures are given as to the length of life of favorite varieties. Several plates illustrate these different topics, as well as picture the cold storage houses of Hancock county, of this State.

Bulletin 48 on raspberries takes this popular fruit at the very beginning of its history, and shows the best methods of preparing the ground, propagating and harvesting this crop that pays so well in West Virginia. Whether the berry patch is two rows in the family garden, or several acres, this bulletin will be helpful. There are plates showing the "berry batter" or picker used in New York on extensive places, a cheap evaporator, and inside views of different dry houses.

Bulletin 49 on vegetables takes up beans, peas and tomatoes.

These are free to all West Virginia farmers. Send a postal card to the Experiment Station, Morgantown, West Virginia, and ask for them.

An armed posse is in pursuit of George Kirk, who shot Albert Lanson, at Wyoming City, McDowell county. Kirk went into a saloon at Wyoming City and handed his revolver to a woman, stepped to the back door and saw Lanson on the outside. He returned, secured the gun, walked up to Lanson and asked him if they were not good friends. Lanson told him so far as he knew they were. Kirk remarked that he was the meanest man in the State, and with this pulled the gun from his pocket and shot Lanson through the breast, from the effects of which Lanson will die.

ANOTHER CASE OF .38 TO 1.



—N. Y. Truth.

The sale of the horses belonging to the late W. P. Thompson, of New York, took place last week. The grand total for fifteen horses sold was \$26,200, an average of \$1,746 per head.

This paper has secured about five hundred new subscribers since September 1, and is still fighting for sustenance and the Bluefield postoffice. — Bluefield Telegraph.

As to the forest fires, observes a state exchange, there's not a burned down trunk left behind that isn't a stump speaker arguing for "arbor day."

YOUR TEETH.

Jarrett, the dentist, will be at Romine's Mills, Nov. 13, for 3 days; Johnstown, Nov. 17, for 8 days. Call and have your teeth examined. Best work at reasonable rates.

Dr. H. A. Jarrett will be at the above named places. 51-5t

BACHELOR MAIDS.

Why There are so Many More of them Nowadays than Formerly.

Magazines and newspapers are publishing from time to time statistics of the marriage of women. These show a steady advance within the last two decades from 18 to 25. They also indicate a falling off in the number of marriages.

The causes of the increasing maturity of brides and the multiplication of bachelor maids are, broadly speaking, college education, professional life and gainful occupation. Fifty years ago girls took off their pinafiores and put on their wedding gowns. Marriage was the chief end of woman. She accepted it as she accepted the four seasons. If it did not come to her she felt defrauded of her birthright. Once married, her husband became her vicar. She merged her individuality in his, declares the *Minneapolis Times*.

Nowadays when girls leave school they go to college or enter some occupation for self-support. If they go to college the leave it to embrace a profession rather than a husband. If they don't become doctors or lawyers or nurses or teachers they engage in some gainful pursuit; or if they enter society they are armed to the teeth with fin de siècle wisdom. By the time they give humble suitors a chance to propose to them they are regarding matrimony with the provoking coolness of a woman of the world. Their love is so thoughtful and practical that it ceases to be love. Disappointed members of the male sex harbor revengeful hopes that a cataclysm of unrequited affection will some day break the calm of the cold beauty. It rarely does.

In the minds of many this prejudice or indifference to matrimony on the part of educated women betokens disaster to society. Their fears exaggerate the importance of what is, after all, only a passing phase in the new life of women. The intellectual side of feminine nature now predominates. Bachelor maids are going through an era of abnormal mental activity. Their present passion for freedom sees in marriage a restraint. When they regain their balance, they will see in it an opportunity for the highest development.

Fred Delbridge is taking his vacation in the Buckeye State. Mr. C. L. Graham is filling his place at the Western Union office.

Mrs. John Haymaker was summoned from Morgantown yesterday soon after the death of her son Charles. She was visiting relatives there when the sad news was communicated to her.

The Assembly Club reconvened recently, and this is the new organization: Dr. Goff, president, and Geo. Duncan, secretary and treasurer. Messrs E. R. Davis, Carl Vance, Mac Price, W. Lewis and John W. Davis, constitute the Board of Governors.

Thursday, November 4, from 7 to 11 p. m., the ladies of Goff Chapel will give an art exhibition of the *Ladies Home Journal* pictures, with solos by some of the best talent in the church parlors. Pictures for sale. Everybody invited. No cards sent out. Admission 15 cents.

Little Joe Sands, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sands is dangerously ill. He was taken sick a few days ago while his mother was absent in Baltimore. She came home on the first train and at present Dr. Howell, aided by an experienced nurse from Philadelphia, is doing every thing possible to cure the little sufferer.